

THE CROKER CHAROLES.

The burden of Chief Croker's dereliction seems to be that as the executive head of the department, a thoroughly capable fireman, he has run foul of office regulations and exhibited an independence of attitude toward his superior which that official interprets as insubordination. It is well to be thoroughly competent in the practical handling of fires, but not wise to become neglectful of departmental etiquette or contemptuous of bureau work. These are offenses which there is no desire to palliate, but at least they do not implicate the Chief in the "irregularities far reaching and serious" which have engaged the Commissioner's attention for so long a time. What the breaking open of desks and seizure of letter-books had to do with "insubordination" is not clear.

If the charges are sustained at the trial which the Commissioner asks for the value of the Chief's services to the city as a fireman will be weighed in the balance with his conduct toward his official superior. It will be a disagreeable alternative.

MR. CANTOR'S POSITION.

Mr. Cantor was represented as saying yesterday that he would no longer block the passage of the Pennsylvania tunnel franchise. And if other members of the Board of Aldermen continued to hold out against it he would exert himself to persuade them of the error of their ways. He had obstructed the measure solely from a sense of duty to his constituents. He had no personal antipathy in the matter. He regarded it as a good thing for the city and for labor and he wanted to make the terms as advantageous as possible. Now, having secured some concessions from the rail, not all that were demanded, but the half loaf that is better than no bread, he would favor the franchise at the next committee conference on Sept. 17.

Which was most gratifying reading for a public that has long since grown impatient of Aldermanic opposition. But alas! to-day he "denies it." The yielding moment is over and he is again a rock in the path of corporate encroachment on popular rights. And yet he could have done nothing better designed to make himself solid with his constituents, whose rights he is so jealous of, than to voice the sentiments attributed to him in his repudiated interview.

A YOUNG MAN'S MILLIONS.

A young man whose main occupation in life hitherto has been to be "up" in the latest styles of automobiles, to look out for a racing stable and to maintain a good appearance in society as the son of a social "queen" and husband of a beautiful girl of Vere de Vere ancestry (as such ancestry is in New York) is now obliged by his father's death to concern himself with the management of the millions that constitute the paternal estate. There are only twenty-five of these, to be sure, and many a child of wealth has more, but they are invested in corporations which require a more direct personal attention than is necessary for bonds and stable railway stocks.

So Mr. Clarence Mackay will have to buckle down to work. He is only thirty, an age of very keen zest in social pleasures, and it is rather rough on him. But it is to be said to his credit that he will probably rise to the occasion. As young millionaires go, he is an unusually desirable specimen—unusually staid for an heir of great wealth. The prediction is even made that instead of dissipating the paternal millions he will multiply them as George Gould has done.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

Miss Elizabeth White, a fashionable modiste, in a most interesting dialogue with Harriet Hubbard Ayer, of the Evening World, published in yesterday's Evening World, told women how they could dress economically without bankrupting their husbands.

Miss White gave some very instructive information on this subject and there is no reason why a woman who is able to follow her advice should not dress well without making the "old man's" life a nightmare of endless and stupendous dressmakers' and milliners' bills. But will any woman follow her advice? Will any fair creature within reach of The Evening World's wide circulation pin herself down to the economical—but it must be admitted quite ample—wardrobe which Miss White describes?

With the profound respect for Miss White's experience as a dress builder and successful adornment of the female form divine, we are bound to tell her that the woman who cares for dress at all does her own thinking when it comes to spring or fall shopping, and that no matter whether her husband is a \$12-a-week man or a \$10,000-a-year man she feels herself perfectly competent to spend his money in the dry-goods district without the advice of any other woman.

KRAUS'S FIGHT WITH FAT.

After a fight of several years' duration against fat, Henry Kraus, a restaurant chef, committed suicide yesterday. He weighed nearly 350 pounds.

In his youth Kraus was a slender man with a trim figure. The increase of flesh inseparable with his profession was a source of pride to him at first. It brought a pleasing rotundity of person, curved Hogarthian lines of beauty that won favor in the eyes of the fair and warmed his heart with self-esteem. But pretty soon the danger line was neared; the scales showed 200 pounds. Then the too, too solid corporeal increment made almost visible additions to his figure. It girt his lungs about in layers. His abdomen attained Gambrinean proportions. His waistband expanded with every breath. When he passed 300 pounds Kraus knew his case was hopeless. Abstinence from food, acid drinks, sweating, exercise, medicine, nothing could stay the encroachment of the fatal fat, and so in despair he drank poison and died.

It is nature's rule with flesh that to him who hath shall be given. If Kraus had been a philosopher he would have joined the Connecticut Fat Men's Association and viewed life through a less gloomy perspective. Forty members of this interesting organization, three of them 400-pounders, had a clambake at Gregory's Point yesterday, at which each participant took on new weight. No thought of suicide there!

As Editor's Longings.—Mr. Richard Croker is said to be longing for home. A moated grange and the placid joys of rural life may charm, but at the fall opening of the political season a statesman in exile may conceive of other pleasures.



THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

QUITE THE REVERSE.
He never wears a brilliant tie.
His vest is no aggressor;
Yet when his collar-button breaks
He's not a quiet dresser.

QUITE SO.
"Why does Mrs. Longwater look so mournful?"
"Mr. Longwater promised to meet her here an hour ago and he hasn't showed up yet."
"Oh, I see. She's mourning for her late husband."

UNRECORDED HISTORY.
Nessus, the Centaur, lay stricken with ptomaine poisoning, on a bed of thyme, along the banks of the Maeander.
Hercules, passing by, noted his plight and sent Omphale post haste for a doctor. (This, it is needless to say, was before the poisoned shirt episode.)
"Why hesitatest thou?" he queried, noticing that she loitered. "Get a hustle on thee!"
"Well," she replied, reluctantly, "you see that Nessus, being a Centaur, is half horse, and half man; so I'm in doubt whether to summon an allopath or a veterinary surgeon."
This puzzle passed Hercules up, and even Nessus allowed a horse-laugh to play over his manly features.

BORROWED JOKES.

AS INDICATED.
"Why is the man in the case said to have assumed the matrimonial harness?" asked the inquisitive boarder.
"Because," replied the old bachelor at the foot of the table, "it is a bridal affair in which the called part of the combination has a bit of a cinch."—Chicago Daily News.

DANGEROUS.
"Here's a bottle of sarsaparilla I jes' found," said Weary Willie; "reckon I'll try it. It might do me some good."
"Don't do it!" almost screamed Watertown Tad. "Don't you know, Weary, dat stuff is fer dat tired feeling!"—Baltimore Herald.

ONE WAS MAD.
Police Captain—So you shot the dog. Was he mad?
Officer Grogan—No, sor; but th' fuddy that owned him was.—Detroit Free Press.

SOMEBODIES.

BULLOCK, DR. LILLIAN—of Manchester, N. H., who has just been made President of the Massachusetts Eclectic Medical Society, is said to be the first woman president of any New England medical association.

CASTELLANE, COUNT BONI—has, with his father and two brothers, joined the "French League to Refuse to Pay Taxes." And this in spite of the fact that his children are not crowded out of the schools.

EDWARD VII.—used during his late illness a 200-year-old cane cut from the oak in which Charles II. hid from his pursuers.

GOULD, GEORGE—has gone to Utah on a hunting trip.

HARRIS, BENATOR—of Kansas, will try to induce Edward VII. to exhibit cattle at the St. Louis Exposition.

HARTMAN, FATHER—an Austrian monk, composed in his cell an oratorio that has delighted European critics.

MULLINS, CAPT. J. R.—of Detroit, makes a living by catching sea lions. He has just sold forty in Europe.

MATTHEWS, DR. JOHN—the famous Tennessee preacher, has just taken his first vacation in fifty-seven years.

THOMBURG, MRS. L. W.—wife of Iowa's first settler, was the first white child born in that State.

JOY OF THE MORNING.

I hear you, little bird,
Shouting, sailing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet; no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood;
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word.
I'd tell it, too, if I could.
Oft when the white, still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.
—Edwin Markham.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Would Have Cured Roosevelt.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Apply to hard knocks and bruises brine of mackerel and raw grated potatoes. If I was able to go around on cars I would have gone and fixed up President Roosevelt's face after his accident, so he would not have to go around with it swollen and discolored.
Y. F.

Wealth and Its Owners.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Public ownership of the surplus wealth, &c., is not very far distant, owing to the luminous fact that our friend Rockefeller has shown himself greater than Shakespeare in the absorption of so many currency ideas. Mam-

WALL STREET APPETITES.



A little peach of saffron hue

And a cantaloupe made trouble brew
In Russell Sage's tummy tum,
And near put Wall street "on the bum."

But all the fruit that ever grew,

Cantaloupe and peaches, too,
Could not jar the gastric organ
Of Deacon Baer or J. P. Morgan.

WHERE IT STOPS.



Author—This is all nonsense about the literary profession being unhealthy.
Poet—Of course. Why, it's the greatest appetite producer in the world.
Author—And that's as far as it goes.

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.



Daisy Chance—Yes, I used to get my riding costumes from him, but they didn't fit, so I stopped.
Fuzzie Knowl—Oh, I see! You didn't want to get into bad habits!

NEARING THE AGE LIMIT.



Miss Firstnight—Mlle. De Rigair is billed as having appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. I wonder who they were?
Mr. Frontrow—All those who reigned previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century, I imagine.

A SKEETER SOUVENIR.



Mr. Pelican—Where did you spend your vacation?
Mr. Camel—I spent six months in New Jersey.
Pelican—No wonder you have your back up.

AN EXCEPTION.



Coalition—Remember, the dumb carry no tales.
Flatte—How about the dumb-waiter? That is a medium by which we know how much harmony exists among the family upstairs.

WHERE HE FELT IT.



Mrs. Orful Goode—And wouldn't you like to go away from here?
Fancy Sam the Sneak—Well, I am bothered a good deal here by old ladies with tracts, mum.

ODDITY CORNER.

THE UNCLE SAM PUZZLE.



AN AFRICAN BOY KING.



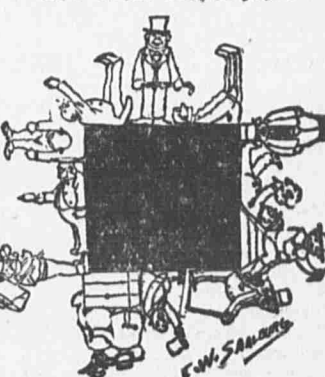
The Latest Portrait of the King of Uganda.

This little African chieftain, whose territory is now part of a British protectorate, is a grandson of the celebrated Mutesa, and descendant of a long line of kings. He is about seven years of age, and has never been far away from Mengo, the native capital of Uganda, where he was born. The territory over which the King, or "Kabaka," rules is nearly 20,000 miles square in extent, and possesses a native population (now mostly Christian) of between one and two million people.

IRON AND STEEL.

The manufacture of iron and steel stands second of the nation's leading industries, with an aggregate product of \$825,750,000. More than half the entire value, \$434,445,320, are produced in the single State of Pennsylvania.

"ON THE SQUARE."



This cut shows how the "On the Square" puzzle printed in yesterday's Evening World is done. The figures are placed around the square in the manner indicated.

SOME QUERIES ANSWERED.

These are puns, to be sure, but the editor thinks them worth publishing, says the Little Chronicle. How many of you know anything about the writings of the authors whose names are so cleverly used? The queries are sent us by Mary Scott, Eldora, Ia.
What does Anthony Hope? To Marietta Holley.
What happens when John Kendrick Bangs? Samuel Smiles.
When is Marian Evans Cross? When William Dean Howells.
When did Thomas Buchanan Read? Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
How long will Samuel Lover? Until Justin Winsor.
What gives John Howard Payne? When Robert Burns Augustus Hare.
When did Mary Mapes Dodge? When George W. Cutter.
Where did Henry Cabot Lodge? In Mungo Park, on Thomas Hill.
Why is George Canning? To teach Julia Ward Howe.

NAPOLEON AND HIS BELIEF.

Napoleon, man of iron though he was, gave great credence to the tales of the supernatural, and was very superstitious. He placed great faith in an amulet charm, which he always carried about with him. Another of his superstitions was to hum the famous air, "Marsbury's en va-t'en guerre," whenever he mounted his charger for battle. Strangely enough, at the hour of his great conflict, M. de Las Cases tells us that the dying man hummed the old air. The Empress Josephine shared her husband's belief in magic, all the more because the predictions made to her in her Creole childhood were fulfilled to the letter in a manner calculated to impress even the most hardened sceptic.

taxes. Maybe the other leaguemongers have American brothers-in-law, too, who will receipt their tax bills.

May Yone and her "captain" are at Buenos Ayres. That's quite as near New York as any one need care to have them.

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

Herrmann and Kellar.

The late Prof. Herrmann, the magician, was possessed not only of great strength in his hands, but of such skill as would enable him to perform apparent feats of strength which would be impossible to a far stronger man.
His greatest feat along this line was to place two packs of cards together and tear them across.
A friend of his, going into a cafe with Herrmann, met another friend who was accompanied by a quiet-looking man with a big mustache.
The four sat down together and Herrmann was at length induced to tear two packs of cards in half.
"That," said his admiring friend, is something no other man alive can do."
The quiet man with the mustache coolly picked up the torn packs and tore the halved sections into quarter sections.
Then, as the rest glared amazedly at him he remarked:
"I forgot to mention, my name is Kellar."

Dr. Pentecost's Roll.

The Rev. Dr. George Pentecost is built on somewhat ample and obese lines. He was crossing to England some time ago, when the ship ran into a storm which made it rock so violently that no one could sleep. Luckless passengers were rolled helplessly from side to side of their berths. Some were hurried clear across their staterooms.
Next morning the writer said to Dr. Pentecost:
"I suppose you filled your berth so completely that you didn't roll about as we slender men did."
Glauncing down at his rotund figure Dr. Pentecost replied:
"Oh, I rolled, too. You forget that a sphere has but one point of contact."

theatre Harrigan and Hart played in, and, if Hart ever played in the Thirtieth street theatre, now called the Garrick. LULU R. OUTWATER, 65 Prospect place, New York City.

Apply at No. 346 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you kindly inform me where to apply to make the civil-service examinations? ARTHUR GENSKA, No. 148 West Ninety-eighth street.

As to "Gentlemen's Cabins."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that the gentlemen's cabin on a ferry-boat is the place for smokers only and that any gentleman of higher instinct will always be found in the other cabin. B says it isn't so. Will readers discuss? S. J. M.

1. Theatre Comique; 2. No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly inform me what was the last